

## FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

### "FRITZ."

Has anybody seen my "Fritz?" You may not think him pretty, but he's the dog that I love best in country or in city. His hair's a sort of grizzly gray, and not so very curly. But he can run like everything. And bark both late and early. Sometimes he minds me very well; and sometimes when I call he only sits and wags his tail. And does not stir at all. But the reason why he acts that way is very plain to see: Fritz doesn't know that he's my dog—He thinks that he owns me.

So, though he has a heap of sense, "I would be just like him, now, To think that I'm the one that's lost, And with a great bow-wow To go off hunting for his boy Through alley, lane and street, While I am asking for my dog Of everyone I meet."

—Rebecca Palfrey Utter, in St. Nicholas.

### CAPTURING AN EAGLE.

How a Young Bird Was Caught for a Pet in Arizona.

In St. Nicholas Wolcott Le Clear Beard writes of "Moses: A Tame Eagle," one of his pets while he was engaged in engineering in southern Arizona. Mr. Beard gives the following account of its capture:

I saw on the rounded top of one of the giant cacti with which the deserts are thickly studded an eagle the like of which, though familiar with the fowls of that region, I had never before seen; And I may here add that we never did with any certainty discover the species to which she belonged. I rode near to get a better view, but she desired no closer acquaintance; for, after unfolding her wings once or twice in a hesitating sort of manner as I approached, she finally spread them and flew heavily away, a couple of pistol shots from the wagon having only the effect of increasing her speed. The cactus on which she had been resting was a very fair sample of the largest variety in the world of that interesting plant. Of the thickness of a man's body, it rose straight from the ground, a beautiful fluted column of vivid apple-green, to a height of 25 feet, where a cluster of branches nearly as thick as the parent stem grew out from it and turned upward, while the main trunk, without a bend, rose several feet higher.

Between two of these branches and the trunk there was built a nest of good-sized sticks, about twice as large as a bushel basket; and on this my eyes happened to be resting when the noise of the shots brought above its edge a little head covered with grayish-yellow fuzz, out of which peered two big round eyes with an air of anxious inquiry.

In that desert country, far from railways and towns, we led rather dull lives; so the several pets we possessed in the big permanent camp miles away served in no small measure to amuse us; and to these we wished to add our young friend of the cactus. But how to get him down was a problem. Somebody suggested that a volunteer climb the cactus, but no one thought



MOSES HAS FUN WITH A PONY.

himself forward to do so. The Spanish name by which it is known is *Sujarro*, which, put into English, means "that which scratches;" and as the spires which thickly cover the outer edges of the ridges are from one to four inches long, and as sharp as needles, it will be seen that the name gives a good idea of the plant.

We did not like to cut it down, for fear the fall might injure the fledglings; but after some debate no better method presented itself, so the two axmen set to work. As the first blows made the green shaft tremble, the head appeared once more trying, with an expression of concern, to see what was going on below; but this the thick sides of the nest prevented. Then it looked at me and said: "Jark!" This was the first remark Moses ever made to us, and there was no time for more then, for the axes had eaten through the pulpy mass, which now began to bend to its fall.

As the nest tilted we could see the thick body belonging to the head, with two big claws clutching wildly, while the weak featherless wings flapped madly in an instinctive effort to support their owner.

The cactus came down with a crash, and running up, we looked for our bird, but only a little gray down was visible, with one leg helplessly extended from under a big branch which, broken by the shock, had fallen across and almost hid him. We feared he was killed; but when by means of an axe-head hauled aside, he gathered himself together quite unhurt, and then, surveying the strange beings who surrounded him, made up his mind to them with that philosophy we later learned to be one of his traits, and opening his mouth to its fullest extent, hinted that he was hungry and wanted something to eat.

### In the Polo Regions.

"I wonder if the little Eskimo boys have any out-of-door games like ours?" said Polly.

"Oh, I guess so," replied Jennie. "They have polo bears up there, you know." —Chicago News.

## A FRIENDLY WALTZ.

Danced by a Young Lady Kitten and Her Canine Admirer.

Dogs are usually regarded as the bitterest enemies of cats, but a famous German animal trainer has recently introduced some clever tricks in which both cats and dogs play a part. In one of the acts Miss Minnie, the cat, goes to a ball and takes her place in a chair, as becomes a modest young lady kitten. In comes Mr. Follette, the dog, and with many bows and smiles invites her to dance a polka. Miss Minnie bows bashfully, and takes Mr. Follette's arm, and they dance off together across the stage on their hind legs. Of course everyone cheers.

Another big scene is a triumph in animal training. A big English dog named Cerberus is chained on the left side of the stage, while Pippina, the cat, takes



A FRIENDLY DANCE.

her place on a chair to the right. The trainer is seated at a well-covered table at the center, ready to eat his supper. He has nothing to drink, and, as there is no one to wait on him, he is obliged to go for it himself. After he has gone Cerberus slips his collar off, climbs up on the table and eats the entire meal. As he is swallowing the last mouthful a thought comes to him of the punishment that must follow and he looks to his friend to help him out of his difficulty. Pippina is then taken by the collar and set on the table, where she remains looking sad, while Cerberus resumes his collar. The trainer returns, is suspicious of the unhappy victim sitting among the empty dishes, and is about to punish her, when she climbs up on her master's shoulder and whispers in his ear that Cerberus is the real thief. Pippina's innocence is established, and the amusing little play is over. —Chicago Record.

### LIFE-SAVER AT THREE.

The Story of the Young Hero as Told by His Father.

Little Bennie Moran, of Detroit, Mich., is a hero at three years of age. Like many another young hero who has risked life or limb to rescue the helpless, Bennie takes the honors heaped upon him in a modest way, and does not admit that when he carried his little sister from his father's burning house he did any more than any other boy would do.

The father of the young hero, W. A. Moran, tells the story of the rescue as follows in the New York Journal:

"It was late in the afternoon and the children's mother stepped out to go to the store, leaving them alone in the kitchen playing. She had not been gone long when little Bennie opened the door leading to the back yard. He said afterward that he had tired of playing on the floor and was going out in the yard to play. A sudden draught of wind from the open door caught the curtains directly over the gasoline stove, and in an instant they were fanned into flames. Bennie gave a backward glance to see whether his little sister was coming, and he saw what had happened. The window drapings had ignited and the whole wall soon sprang into a blaze.

"As soon as he saw the flames all over the wall he made for the side door, which was at that time locked. He found the key and was soon out in the yard, in the clear air, safe from the flames. It was then that he began to think. He remembered that his little sister was alone in the house, and he knew that unless he brought her out she would never come out alive. He did not stop to think of what might happen to himself if he again entered the house, but he turned back into the blazing building and started to grope his way through the blinding smoke to the center of the room.

"He found her sitting on the floor, softly crying to herself, while the smoke surged about her and the cruel flames crept closer. Without any hesitation he picked her up in his little arms, and, half carrying, half dragging, he managed to reach the open door and placed her on the sidewalk unharmed.

"Then the little hero started toward a neighbor's house, crying at the top of his voice: 'Fire! Fire! Papa's house burning up!' It was not long then until the fire company was on hand and the flames were soon extinguished. Had it not been for my little boy's presence of mind and knowledge of just what to do first, my house would now be in ashes and my little girl dead.

"This is Bennie's second experience with fire. A little over a year ago my entire family came near perishing in a burning building, and only escaped by my wife carrying them over a burning floor and down a stairway of flame. Although their lives were saved they were badly burned."

### Queer Ways of Animals.

Sometimes one animal will borrow the services of another temporarily, as in the case of a serpent who is ferried across a river by a duck, or, as is frequently seen, several animals assist one another in crossing streams of water, in lifting large stones, in moving the trunks of trees, in constructing dams, in hunting or in mutual defense. Aphids, who have the power of scenting an abdominal fluid of which ants are passionately fond, are kept by the ants in stables like milch cows and carefully watched.

## WOMAN AND HOME.

### EYES MADE LOVELY.

Various Ways to Beautify the Windows of the Soul.

Madame may change the hue and texture of her hair and improve upon nature in the matter of skin by a course of treatment. She may gradually develop beautiful arms or a shapely neck, and she can call surgery to her aid if the shape of her nose does not happen to accord with her standard of beauty. But she has always been baffled by her eyes. There they are, green and narrow, may be, brown and beady, perhaps, and she has known that surgery could not widen them or art change their hue. But, after all, there are reforms which may be undertaken with eyes and care which may be given them which will at least keep them from being a hindrance to madame's charms.

The appearance of the eyes depends largely on the lids, eyebrows and eyelashes. Scanty eyebrows may be gradually filled out by the application of pure grease to them every night. The eyebrows should not be rubbed or brushed the wrong way. Eyebrow brushes should be used to apply the grease. Pure vaseline, by the way, is the best.

Vaseline applied to the eyelashes with great care will increase their growth, and stroking them upward gives them the curly tendency, which is a charm to any eye. Children's eyelashes may be very slightly clipped at the ends occasionally, and will grow longer and better in consequence; but a grown-up person should on no account tamper in this way with the lashes, as it only makes them grow coarse and stubby. Even when cutting children's eyelashes the very greatest care should be exercised and only the very tips should be clipped.

Inflamed eyelids may be washed in rose water. When the eyes feel irritable, or there is a prickly sensation, they may be bathed in elderflower water. The following recipe makes a soothing and refreshing wash for tired eyes: Take a quart of soft water, a pinch of coarse salt, and a tablespoonful of brandy. Mix all well together and shake the bottle before using the mixture. The best time for bathing the eyes is in the evening.

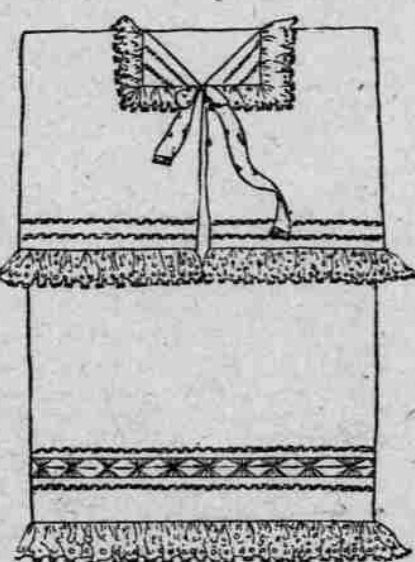
Beds should always be placed so that the daylight and sun's rays do not strike the eyes on waking. The light should come from the side. It is also well to have green or dark blue blinds in bedrooms, which will effectually prevent the bright light from entering the room early in the morning.

The eyes should be closed once in every two or three hours for five or ten minutes. This rests them and helps to preserve their luster. A good digestion is another aid to beautiful eyes, for a disordered stomach shows itself in the yellowish whites of the eyes. —Chicago Tribune.

### TOILET NECESSITY.

A Combing Towel Which Is Pretty as Well as Useful.

A necessary acquisition to my lady's toilet is a combing towel. The one shown in the illustration is made by folding over one end of the towel one-third its length. This end should be slit up the center and three inches on either side. The edges at the top should then be folded back, making an opening for the neck. All the cut edges should be neatly button-holed, and ruffles of



PRETTY COMBING TOWEL.

embroidery or Maltese lace will prove very effective.

The towel is made to fasten with a hood and eye, concealed by a ribbon bow at the neck, and a little feather-stitching or drawn work will give the finishing touch. —Edith Chester, in Country Gentleman.

### More Dainty Than Sachets.

Perfumed flannels in dainty colors come now for laying in the bottoms of drawers, and are particularly nice in drawers where bedding and table linens are kept. They have the appearance of ordinary flannel and are sold by the yard and cut to fit the drawers, the edges being button-holed or bound. The flannel emits a delicate perfume, and will scent every article in a drawer where it is kept. The perfume is said to be far more enduring than any of the sachets commonly in use.

### Song Birds and Suffrage.

Last year 500,000 song birds were destroyed in this country that women might wear them on their hats. On Cape Cod 40,000 terns were killed for the purpose. In Pennsylvania the slaughter of bobolinks is said to have amounted to 1,000,000, and in parts of Florida the herons are nearly exterminated. This leads the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle to ask: "Can so cruel a creature as woman ask for the right to vote?"

### The Same, But Different.

"It is love that makes the world go round," she said, sentimentally. "Ye-e-e," he said, prosaically, "and so does whisky." —Brooklyn Life.

## THIS IS QUITE NEW.

How to Use Old Barrels to Make a Comfortable Couch.

Of three barrels, some boards, a few screws and tacks, some draping material and an old mattress, a comfortable and good-looking couch can be made.

To make it obtain three good, strong sugar barrels, and arrange them at regular distance apart, the heads and bottoms should be fastened securely in place with nails, and to them attach two side runners or rails three or four inches wide and six feet long. Use stout screws for the purpose, and drive six, or eight through the strip and into the head of each barrel.

The two end barrels should be joined first and afterward the middle one. This precaution is to give an even bearing on the floor.

Two more strips, each one inch and a half square, are to be fastened to the under sides of the barrels at the ends near the heads and bottoms. This rail will rest on the floor and prevent the couch from tipping like a cradle, as the bulged sides of the barrel would cause it to do if it were not for these strips.

To the top of the barrel a platform is to be attached. This is 30 inches wide



COUCH MADE OF SUGAR BARRELS.

and six feet six inches long; it is made of matched board and fastened together with several battens arranged across the under side. Rails similar to those placed along the floor are fastened to the top of the barrels along either side, to prevent the platform tipping on the tops of the barrels. At one end an incline is made similar to the effect shown in the figure, and when the constructional part is thus far completed the framework is ready to be upholstered.

Obtain an old hair mattress not more than 30 inches wide—a single bed mattress is the right size—and tie it fast to the top of the platform. Over this draw the cretonne, denim or other goods for the covering, and tack it fast all around to the edge of the platform.

Make a flounce of the required length and gather it on a stout cord; allow fullness enough and tack it fast to the same edge over the top covering. The edge may be trimmed with gimp and nails. The nails should be driven quite close together, so the drapery may not be dragged away, as the continual action and use would soon make it look untidy if it were not properly fastened.

With the addition of a pretty couch cover, some sofa pillows and a coverlet that can be drawn over one when reclining, this couch will present a comfortable appearance, and among the various pieces of furniture in a sitting-room this will be one of the most welcome. —N. Y. Journal.

### SIMPLE HEALTH HINTS.

Hygienic Facts with Which Everybody Should Be Familiar.

A simple hygienic fact for many people yet to learn is, that the skin of a fruit is no part of the fruit itself, dietetically considered. The bloom of the peach is a luxuriant growth of microbes, and unwashed grapes, eaten skins and all, will show 500,000 microbes for each fluid ounce of stomach fluid. These facts are proof positive of the necessity for thoroughly washing all raw fruit before it is eaten.

The nape of the neck, the lower part of the back of the head, the front of the abdomen and the shins are the chief regions of the body susceptible to cold. A chill, however, may be carried to the nervous system from other parts.

The following rules for avoiding a cold cannot be too often formulated: Never let cold air blow on the back of the neck or head.

Keep the abdomen warmly clad. Cover the shins when riding. Change wet shoes and stockings without delay.

Never sit on a stone or on damp grass. It is not generally known that roasted coffee acts as a valuable disinfectant. The best mode is to dry the raw bean, pound it in a mortar and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate until it is of a dark brown tint. Sprinkle it in sinks, or expose it on a plate in any room to be purified. —Housewife.

### School Dresses for Girls.

The head of a well-known school for girls in speaking of appropriate school dresses advised the use of light-weight materials. "Light garments of serge or cashmere should be worn," she said, "and clothes of extra warmth for out doors. Children dressed too warmly complain of the heat of the schoolroom and ask to have windows opened, which is impossible. White aprons for little girls keep them always fresh and dainty; if it be incut that a soiled apron or hair ribbon shows a lack of refinement they soon acquire habits of daintiness in the care of their clothes. One thing I should like to emphasize is that it is unfortunate that children are obliged to wear out clothes which were made for 'best' in the schoolroom. It would seem to be much better to give them away to poorer relatives and keep always simple gowns for everyday wear."

### Barley Water for Fever.

Barley water is very good in cases of fever, inflammation, etc. It allays thirst and is useful in coughs and colds. Wash quarter pound of barley, drain through a colander, put it on in a pint of hot water and boil for five minutes; strain through a sieve, throwing the water away. Put to the barley two quarts of fresh water and boil steadily for an hour, when strain. Many persons like the thinnest yellow peel of a lemon boiled with it; sweeten to taste. —Leisure Hours.

## SOME CAPITAL STORIES.

Kansas Congressman Tells a Tale Out of School.

How a Georgia Statesman Settled a Religious Controversy—A Minnesota Man's Impression of the President.

### [Special Washington Letter.]

Congressman Miller, of Kansas, has just completed his first and last term as a member of the national house of representatives. One term was enough for him, and he declined a renomination. He says: "I am going back to the land of sunflowers, prohibition and patriotism. There is no more wholesome climate between the Atlantic and Pacific, and yet Kansas has its share of diseases. Here in my pocketbook I have a clipping which shows how many ailments one man may have in Kansas, and yet live. This slip shows how a suffering commercial traveler filled out tickets at a drug store, and the medicine that he took to cure him in each case:

John Smith, one-half pint whisky, dyspepsia.  
John Smith, one quart beer, indigestion.  
John Smith, one-half pint whisky, brain trouble.  
John Smith, one quart beer, malaria.  
John Smith, one quart beer, consumption.  
John Smith, one-half pint whisky, apoplexy.  
John Smith, one quart beer, cancer.  
John Smith, one quart beer, heart disease.  
John Smith, one pint whisky, delirium tremens.  
John Smith, one quart beer, sore throat.  
John Smith, one quart beer, paralysis.  
John Smith, one quart beer, liver complaint.  
John Smith, one quart beer, pains in back.

John Smith, one quart beer, chilblains.  
John Smith, one quart beer, hives.  
John Smith, one quart beer, insanity.

Ex-Congressman Candler, of Georgia, who was born and reared in the mountains of that state, tells the following good story, and is willing to wager an entire railroad which he owns that it is true: During the war, and for several years afterward, the southern darky could talk about little else than "mancipation" and religion. A Methodist darky and a Baptist darky would get together on the shady side of a house or tree and argue for hours. An old planter who lived on the banks of the Chattahoochee river owned a number of negroes, and one cold day when they were log-rolling and clearing up a piece of ground they began to discuss religion. The planter became tired of the discussion. He pulled the men as to their religious beliefs and found 11 Baptists and 9 Methodists.

"Now," he said, "I am sick and tired of this eternal arguing, and as the Baptists are in the majority the rest of you must go down into the water," and he ordered them into the river. They unwillingly filed into the river up to their necks, and as they stood with chattering teeth the old man would yell out:

"Are you a Methodist or Baptist?"

The freezing water soon brought the Methodists to the Baptist belief, and as the last convert walked on shore the planter remarked that he hoped it would be a long time before it would be necessary for him to have another baptizing, and it was.

There are many lobbyists in Washington, and the frauds and shams in their number are not few. Exposure one year does not affect them the next year, for they go on playing their same old games, with new victims. In preparing the confederate war records, Col. Bob Scott used to call upon ex-confederate officers for information concerning points of history which seemed obscure; and hence many ex-confederates visited his office from time to time and at his request recorded their names, present residence and rank, in a register kept for that purpose. One day an individual who had posed in and about society circles at Washington as an ex-confederate colonel, and on state



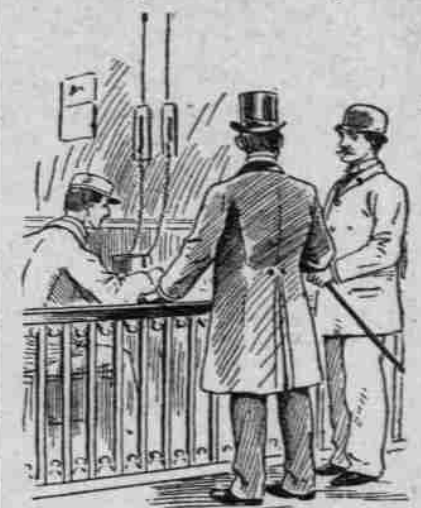
"ARE YOU A METHODIST OR BAPTIST?"

occasions wore a handsomely embroidered gray uniform, visited Col. Scott's office and registered as colonel of an Arkansas regiment. Subsequently a member of congress from that state likewise registered as colonel of the same regiment, and this duality led to an examination by Col. Scott. The fact was disclosed that the first individual was never colonel of the regiment, never served in the confederate army in any capacity, was not a southern man, but had served on a federal gunboat for awhile, and finally dumped himself down south after the war. The member of congress was the colonel of that regiment all through the late war. The confidence man had done a thriving business at Washington as an ex-confederate, but this exposure caused his temporary withdrawal. The fools are not all dead, it seems, for this very charlatan is again at his old racket and working it successfully.

It has been truly said that no man seems great until his body servant. It is also true that the men of mark who attain distinction are found to be without halos when we come into close relations with them. They may be superior men just the same, but they are all human. The greatest men are most commonplace, and readily put strangers at ease in their presence. A man came here recently from Minnesota seeking a consulate. He was introduced to the president, and afterwards said: "How wonderfully like other men the president is. I was at the white house this morning, and in the course of a conversation lasting ten minutes I gleaned a great deal about the president's trend of mind. I was surprised at the way he talks. Why, after we talked over the business we had to settle, the president began talking about miscellaneous matters. I found him just like other men. He converses about little things and domestic and personal matters as freely and ordinarily as a frontier farmer."

Of all the people and things visitors to the capital encounter, none surprises or disappoints them so much as the president. It seems to be the idea that the president is a very extraordinary personage—yet the very work of a president makes him a common man. He could not give much thought to matters requiring investigation if he wanted to. So long as the functions of the presidency are administered as at present there need be no fear of imperialism or the drifting away of the chief executive from the people, and so long as the office requires so much contact with all classes of people that officer will continue to surprise those who have not met him.

George Gilliland, has been the political private secretary to Senator Brice for several years. He has long been a



"THAT WAS THE CALL FOR BEN WOOD."

resident of Washington, and has a wide acquaintance with public men. He was walking along the capitol corridors with ex-Congressman Dorsey one day, and as they passed the telegraph office Dorsey stopped, and sent a message to the secretary of the interior. To save the trouble of writing it out he dictated it to the operator who looks after such things. Gilliland is an expert operator himself, and he observed that Dorsey dictated at just the pace the operator was sending.

"You must be able to read the instrument," said Gilliland.

"Oh, yes," replied Dorsey: "I was a railroad operator and worked for the B. & O. at Cranberry Summit, W. Va., before I went west."

Gilliland reached over the railing, and, fingering the key, called "CA." "By Jove!" said the congressman, "that was my office call. Are you an operator?"

"I think I am," said Gilliland, "and I was with the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, too, in West Virginia. How about this?" and he sounded "N" with the key.

"That was the call for Benwood," said Dorsey, promptly, "and you were the fellow that used to sign 'GL.'"

The newspaper man and the statesman, neither of whom, in their previous acquaintance, had known the other was an operator, soon raked up enough data from their memories to assure themselves that they had been working contemporaneously at offices only a few miles apart, and that they had almost daily conversed over the line. In fact, Gilliland had boarded with relatives of Dorsey, and it took the rest of the day for the two to unload upon each other reminiscences of their mutual experience as telegraph operators in West Virginia.

SMITH D. FRY.

### WHY SHE LIKED HYPNOTISM.

Young Woman Fancied It Because It Put Chaperons to Sleep.

A young woman from Washington has discovered a practical use for hypnotism, and declares that at last she sees its value. She was visiting a young artist, who, with her chaperon, observes all the proprieties in a studio uptown in New York city. The Washington young woman was called on by her physician, who happens to be skilled in the ways and wiles of hypnotism. The chaperon was eager, as many women seem to be, to be hypnotized, when the conversation turned on that subject and the doctor's skill with the art.

The doctor was a trifle chary about showing his powers, but the two young women begged him to gratify the elder woman's curiosity. The chaperon smiled to herself and bubbled with delight when the doctor finally consented to experiment on her. In 15 minutes it was the turn of the two girls to bubble with satisfaction. Under the doctor's persuasive power the chaperon was lost to the world and all but the M. D.'s power.

"At last!" exclaimed the Washington girl. "Here at last is a practical use for hypnotism. Anything that can put a chaperon to sleep is worth having about. Teach me, O doctor!" —N. Y. World.

### A Tinge of Jealousy.

"I hate," said one man, "that the president has filled the place that you thought was well adapted to your capacities."

"You are misinformed," was the reply, with a manner of studied hauteur; "he has appointed another man to that position, but he hasn't filled it." —Washington Star.